

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 122.

The Principles of Nature.

THE IRON FOOTSTEP.*

"What may this mean, that thou, dead corpse! again
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous!"

Most families, I believe, have their traditionary ghost story, which, when narrated to the group that gathers around the wintry fireside, excites, according to the age and character of the listeners, terror, sympathy, doubt, incredulity, or ridicule. Still it continues to be told, even by those who are urgent in their disavowal of belief in supernatural appearances—the story is kept alive and recollected in after life; for the bias is a strong one of the mind, to dwell even on the shadows that pertain to that world of untried being, which approaches toward us with its slow and noiseless, but irresistible and overwhelming, movement.

I remember in my youth to have listened with my whole heart to the following remarkable incident, as one which had undoubtedly occurred a few years before in the island of Dominica.

During a season of great mortality among the inhabitants of that island in the year —, a veteran Scottish regiment was stationed upon the high bluff of land that forms one point of a crescent-shaped bay, and overlooks the town and harbor. Inland, toward the east, a small plain extends itself; while on the west and north, which is nearest the shore, and almost overhanging it, were several long, one-story buildings, hastily erected of wood, for the accommodation of the officers of the corps, and consisting all of three or four rooms on each end, with a piazza on the side toward the sea, extending the whole length of the structure, and forming a shaded and agreeable promenade during the earlier part of the day. The rooms opened upon the piazza, and communicated with each other by means of a side door, which was occasionally left open for the free circulation of air.

In one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major Hamilton, Captain Gordon, and a third, whose name I can not at this moment recall. Major Hamilton's apartment was in the center. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with iron; and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down this piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at Gordon's door or window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer, exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with dressing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

The sound of the major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given by the iron ferule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard, for, although a stout man, he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to and fro, so regularly, that there was a certain pleasure in listening to it.

Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way affect us more than others. The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The caulker's hammer-stroke, as it flies from the dock-yard of the busy port, across some placid bay, into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of this truth; the songster has it, in the line—

"His very step hath music in it,
When he comes up the stairs;"

and Lamb felt it, when he said of his physician, that "there was healing in the creak of his shoes" as he approached his apartment. Associated with this movement of the major was his deep, cheery voice, that made light of danger and difficulty; whether on the field of battle, or, as now, amid the sickness which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was devastating the colony at this melancholy period.

The sickness proved fatal to several officers of the regiment, and, after some time, Major Hamilton was taken down with it. It was a fever, attended with delirium. The major was confident of recovery; and, indeed, from the great equanimity and happy temperament of his patient, his physician had hopes almost to the last. These, however, were not destined to be realized. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, while endeavoring to speak to his friend Captain Gordon, and was buried under arms at sunset of the same day.

Now, it was on the second night after this mournful event, that Gordon, having retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not conscious of any distressing thought or dream which should have occasioned this shortened slumber, and as he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and found it only past one o'clock. He turned on the other side, and

composed himself afresh. Thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and he said: "Poor Hamilton! Well, God have mercy upon us."

He felt at the moment that some one near him said, "Amen!" with much solemnity. He was effectually roused, and asked, "Who is there?"

There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into Hamilton's late apartment, and he then remembered that the door was open that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing, save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, "It is all mere imagination," and again endeavored to compose himself and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the major's well-known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were again in life. He heard it first upon the piazza, heard it approach, pass through the door from the piazza into the center apartment, and there it seemed to pause, as if the figure of the departed were standing on the other side of that open door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

Gordon rose. He went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was beautiful; the moon had gone down, the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dash of the waves upon the rocks at the foot of the bluff was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star, that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocean. All else was still and reposeful. "It is very remarkable!" said he; "I would have sworn I heard it." He turned toward the door that stood open between the two rooms. The major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguish nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit rose in his mind; and, though a brave man, he could not immediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him. He longed for the voice of any living being; and, though for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

He passed out on to the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceiving him presented arms.

"Have you been long stationed here?" said Capt. Gordon.

"Half an hour," was the reply.

"Did you—did you happen to see any one on the piazza during that time?"

"I did not."

Gordon returned at once to his room, vexed with himself for having been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed. He was now thoroughly awake, and had regained, as he thought, entire possession of his faculties. "My old comrade," said he, "what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends—kind-hearted, gallant fellows that he was! No man ever was his enemy, except upon the field itself. Why should I have dreaded to meet him, even if such an event could possibly be?"

And yet, so constituted are we, that a moment or two after this course of thought had occupied his mind, he was almost paralyzed with dread by the recurrence of the same well-known step that now seemed pacing the dark and tenanted apartment. He even fancied an irregularity in it, that betokened, as he thought, some distress of mind; and all that he had ever heard of Spirits revisiting the scenes of their mortal existence, to expiate some hidden crime, entered his imagination, and combined to make his situation awful and appalling. It was, therefore, with great earnestness that he exclaimed:

"In the name of God, Hamilton, is that you?"

A voice, from the threshold of the communicating door, addressed him in tones that sank deeply into his soul: "Gordon, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough; it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be successful. Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary for the adjustment of your affairs. Go to London. Take lodgings at No. — Jernyn Street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into a garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney-piece, and you will there find papers which establish the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son. Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me!"

Captain Gordon did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the Spirit of his departed friend, but when he arose it was broad day. He dressed himself and went to town; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had no intention of quitting the colony during that year; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a

large estate. Within the ten days he applied for a furlough, but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival having, however, brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application, in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation the sound of the major's iron step filled his ears.

He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post-horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached the house in Jernyn Street. He found the papers as he had expected. He relieved the widow and orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death; and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young Hamilton was patronized by the Queen of England, and early obtained a commission in the army, to which he was attached at the time this tale was told to me.

It is also known that Captain Gordon rose very high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer and a fortunate general.

—Knickerbocker Sketch-Book.

GOD.

MESSRS. EDITORS OF TELEGRAPH:

I have read with pleasure and advantage the able essays of W. S. Courtney, and various other parties, upon the question, "What is God?" but can not perceive any justice in the decision they come to, viz., that a man must be either a Pantheist or an Atheist in sentiment unless he admits that God is a "deific man"—a divine, human being, of the ordinary size and stature—a human spirit deified. I can not admit this conclusion, for the simple reason, that should we multiply ourselves by infinity, we could not create, nor imagine the process by which to create, even a particle of sand, much less conceive how suns and planets could be suspended in space—made to rotate upon their axis, or revolve in their orbits. No conception of man, indeed, has ever yet accounted for the ultimate elements of any one thing in nature; nor do I conceive it desirable that such should be accounted for by man. A sensational appreciation of things in order and function, and their proximate relations to each other in their progressive bearings upon our individual and general relations to God, nature, and humanity, seems to me all that is attainable, if not all that is necessary to enjoyment; and any assumption that any one mind ever has reached, or can reach, the ultimate truth or philosophy of God and his providences, seems to me as inherently insane and presumptuous as though I should affirm that I, William J. Young, myself, am God! And yet, as God evidently manifests himself in his works, all inquiries after him—all attempts to idealize him—conducted with candor, if divested of any design or desire to establish an organism of creeds and formulas of worship, are not only commendable, but being spontaneous outbursts of our mental perceptions, are inevitable, and form a gallery of pictures that adapt themselves, like sunshine and dew to the natural world, to man's moral and intellectual necessities and growth—multiplying the sources and incentives of thought and action while lending them inspiration.

But aside from these opinions, there are fatal objections to the conception, that God in any one essential feature resembles man, especially as to form, reason, motive, sexuality, appetites, or desires. And if not in all, he can not be like man in one, particular. Man is a sexual being, begetting his kind—can we presume thence that God has sexual functions, and that thence he begets Gods? Man has digestive functions and consumes food—does God do so likewise? But I need not pursue this species of analysis any further, for no man, I presume, will tolerate the opinion that there are many Gods, the offsprings of the first God, and each the equal of their father, as in the main are the children of an earthly parent. Yet I would fain dwell a little upon a point cognate to these. Place for a moment before your vision a deific man, mortal in size, but omnipotent in power; invest him with omnipotent mortal-sized hands, eyes, ears, feet, heart, and an omniscient brain, if you please, and then ask yourself, What one of all these attributes, save the brain, would avail him in the construction of the universe? Could hands thus limited in dimensions mold the planets into shape and direct their courses and variations? or eyes so minute watch their motions? From what source would his heart's blood spring? and upon what point in space, or on what orb, would he stand? But no! no! God must be ever inconceivable; nor seems it probable to me that he is even an emotional or moral being in our sense. Else why, throughout all time, hath man been the victim and a slave of his fellow-man? Why to power is ever additional

power mercilessly given? Why forever hath the humbly just, the meek, the merciful, the self-denying, the toiling, and the obscure been neglected by his providence, and even made to pay the penalty of a low development in the spiritual world, because heirs to conditions and shaped by circumstances in this, over which they had no control, and had not the ability to alter? And this last point, even, is admitted by spiritual philosophers!

But there is no end to the objections that spring up against Mr. Evans, suffered to make his appearance in the presence of men, they would not believe the Spirit by themselves evoked, unless in their own presence that Spirit would create a universe and describe the process by which it was performed to their own specific comprehension; because, while there remained any one thing unexplained or undeveloped, the legitimate inference would still arise, that a power still greater than that manifested by this "deific man or dual-sexed God" of Mr. Evans, was behind all that had yet been manifested through him; and no declaration however broad, no manifestations however resplendent in power, could stifle the inquiry of the fearless mind, whether the Omnipotent Wisdom must not necessarily be incomprehensible—"past finding out!" This question would spring from the very fact thus exhibited in the qualities of this supposed "deific man or dual-sexed God."

All history, all Scripture, and all experience unite to confirm the impression on my mind that no human brain can ever be the medium through which Omnipotence can be comprehended. Neither science in its highest aim, poetry in its loftiest flight, nor inspiration in its deepest strain, have ever defined, discovered, or in the remotest sense reduced to form one tangible evidence of God beyond what we idealize, each for himself, through the medium of our senses and his works that surround us. Yet his Spirit is everywhere present, and seen and felt by all that hath sensation in the boundless universe. So common, indeed, is he—so universally felt—that only the united expression of all mankind—the united consciousness of all sensation, life—past, present, and future—could approach a definition of his power, ubiquity, and omniscience; and even these fail in every essential feature of a description, since life in all its forms is but a sensational medium or lens through which the ultimate, the essential Father of all Spirits, can be only sensorially appreciated. How, indeed, can man ever hope, by searching, to find out God to perfection, when he can not even analyze himself, and but hypothetically philosophize upon and technically describe that which is familiar to his senses daily?

But aside from this, the phenomena of spiritual manifestations themselves demonstrate that neither man nor Spirits can define what God is, since they have not seen him and can not tell what they themselves are essentially; while the Spirits, whenever they manifest themselves in form, are ever clothed, and mostly appear, in the garbs and forms that were once familiar to the persons to whom they manifest themselves, showing conclusively that the garbs, if not the forms, are non-essential to their being, and only assumed to satisfy their friends of their identity. In regard to externals, this is clear; and the size, and all else pertaining to them, like the painter's landscapes, may be but mental images the Spirit hath power to project upon our senses. They come not naked, nor in winding sheets, as they in general left the earth, nor in emaciated and cadaverous forms, but in forms our memories love, or in identities necessary to bring conviction of their substantive existence as when upon earth, but as various in appearances as ideality can conceive—the parallel of which may be seen in the bright ideals of the painter and sculptor.

The whole philosophy, indeed, of a man-embodied God savors too entirely of materialism, in its grossest sense, to be admitted, besides vastly belittling the subject—reducing God to the necessity of coming to his works to find the pattern of himself, and obscures all our perceptions of the sublime in something that seems like self-glorification, and, besides, gives rise to the inquiry, Why—if God is a deific man or dual sexuality—why is he not daily manifested to us? or why should such rare evidences of his existence as a personality or compound sexuality be vouchsafed us, if, indeed, any such evidences have been given?

There is still a greater difficulty presents itself. If God so exists he would so manifest himself, not once or twice in the history of our planet, but as often as would be necessary to fix upon the race of man the definite fact of his existence unmistakably, else his existence in such a form would be profitless and calculated to destroy all faith in his identity, rather than confirm a belief of God as a personality or a duo-sexuality. Then, again, should God so manifest himself to us, why should we sooner claim that manifestation of him to be the very God than any other of the various manifestations of him that surround us in nature and in man? And should he so manifest himself to us—to a few—in order to satisfy us of his personality or double-sexuality, there would be a logical propriety and equity that he should equally manifest himself in form to each

and all, from the beginning to the end of time, and throughout his immeasurable universe. But I have said enough to demonstrate the fallacy of all man-made Gods, and would close with the observation, that we know too little of ourselves to define what God is; while to deny his existence would be equivalent to the denial of our own.

The planets move upon their centers and around their central suns; but who or what moves them can never be reached by the supposition of a deific man or a bi-sexual God, nor a thousand of them. But he who has seen, in addition to these, a table or any other material substance move without human contact or human contrivances, and against all the known laws of nature, can have but little difficulty in supposing that a will-power exists irrespective of what we term matter, competent to fulfill all the phenomena of creation as exhibited to our limited capacities and experiences; nor can such an individual fail to recognize the existence of a power supreme and intelligent, nor fail to bow in humble, not slavish, adoration of him while his consciousness and rationality last.

WM. J. YOUNG.

FROM "NOTES AND QUERIES" FOR JUNE.

ST. AUGUSTINE ON CLAIRVOYANCE.

There is an important passage in St. Augustine's treatise, "De Genesi ad litteram," B. xii., c. 17, p. 34, in which, after saying that demons can read men's thoughts, and know what is passing at a distance, he proceeds to give a detailed account of two cases of clairvoyance. The whole is written with his usual graphic power, and will well reward the perusal. I must content myself with a brief outline of the facts.

1. A patient, suffering from a fever, was supposed to be possessed by an unclean Spirit. Twelve miles off lived a presbyter, with whom, in mesmerist phraseology, he was en rapport. He would receive no food from any other hands; with him, except when a fit was on him, he was calm and submissive. When the presbyter left his home the patient would indicate his position at each stage of his journey, and mark his nearer and nearer approach. "He is entering the farm—the house—he is at the door," and his visitor stood before him. Once he foretold the death of a neighbor, not as though he were predicting a future event, but as if recollecting a past. For when she was mentioned in his hearing, he exclaimed, "She is dead. I saw her funeral; that way they carried out her corpse." In a few days she fell sick and died, and was carried out along that very road which he had named.

2. A boy was laboring under a painful disorder, which the physicians had vainly endeavored to relieve. In the exhaustion which followed on his convulsive struggles, he would pass into a trance, keeping his eyes open, but insensible to what was going on around him, and passively submitting to pinches from the bystanders. After awhile he awoke and told what he had seen. Generally an old man and a youth appeared to him; at the beginning of Lent they promised him ease during the forty days, and gave him directions by which he might be relieved and finally cured. He followed their counsels with the promised success.

Augustine's remarks (c. 18, p. 39) on these and similar phenomena are well worth reading. He begs the learned not to mock him as speaking confidently, and the unlearned not to take what he says on trust, but hopes that both will regard him simply as an inquirer. He compares these visions to those in dreams. Some come true, and some false; some are clear, others obscure. But men love to search into what is singular, neglecting what is usual, though even more inexplicable; just as when a man hears a word whose sound is new to him, he is curious to know its meaning; while he never thinks of asking the meaning of words familiar to his ear, however little he may understand them. If any one, then, wishes for a satisfactory account of these strange phenomena, let him first explain the phenomena of dreams, or let him show how the images of material objects reach the mind through the eyes.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

J. E. B. MAYOR.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All graveyards in other lands show symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are all alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all—the same requiem song by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unadorned, will sleep on, until awakened by the same trumpet when the sea will give up its dead.

LAYING UP WEALTH FOR OUR CHILDREN.—The injurious consequences so frequently flowing from this practice do not seem to secure any very serious attention, else the foolish practice would be less common than it is. It is a moderate estimate that more than a half of those left rich by their parents, have become ruined and bankrupt both in business and in character. If the efforts of parents were directed more to the right training of their children, and to the formation of good habits and principles in them, there would be fewer such results; and even those who are not ruined, are certainly dwarfed and enfeebled by their inherited wealth. If such facts were duly considered, there would be more wisdom and more happiness in the world.

* "The Iron Footstep" was committed to paper by its author at the suggestion of Geoffrey Crayon, who had heard it with admiration from the writer's lips. It is a strange and mysterious narrative, and yet is in all its particulars strictly true. Its manner could not be improved.—Essays and Sketches: by John Waters, author of "The Iron Footstep."

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1864.

DOUBTFUL DEVELOPMENTS.

The laws which regulate the action of mind on mind, whether in or out of the body, are doubtless essentially the same. When over two persons are brought into sympathetic relations, either by corporeal contact or through those refined media which pervade the Universe and serve as the airy vehicles of thought, they mutually feel the presence of each other, while the mind which is gifted with the greater degree of activity and power at once becomes the proximate cause and fountain of inspiration to the other. Thus from sources superior to ourselves, the very elements of life and thought flow into us, and every living thing, according to its nature and discrete degree, derives a kind of inspiration from that which is above. In order to facilitate the transmission of impressions in this way, the recipient must be willing to receive instruction, and assume the passive or negative relation of a learner; otherwise he will be likely to resist, unconsciously, the infusion of foreign impressions and Divine ideas. Those who feel that they are all-sufficient in themselves, and need no assistance from minds superiorly endowed, whether of men or angels, will instinctively resist their influence. To receive knowledge respecting any subject, by any interior process, we must not only be willing to learn, but we must have a desire to look into the particular subject proposed. The consciousness that we need instruction, and our willingness to be taught, increases our humility and susceptibility, while the desire to investigate and know conjoins the mind to the particular subject of its contemplation. Thus the earnest, teachable, and child-like spirit that humbly itself is most likely to be exalted by the bestowment of immortal gifts and a Divine illumination.

We propose two or three brief articles on Spiritual Mediumship and the conditions and processes employed in developing media. In the present chapter, however, we purpose to confine our observations to *disorderly and pretended developments*. So long as weak-minded persons are led into the wildest vagaries by pride, avarice, and egotism, it may be necessary to admonish them, unwelcome as the subject may be to the writer and to those whose cases are made the theme of remark.

We have said in substance that to become wise we must be willing to be taught; but too many persons confound this willingness with a stupid credulity; they mistake indolence for passivity, and meanness for humility. But these things are essentially distinct in their natures, and should be forever separated in the mind by fundamental distinctions. We occasionally meet with persons who have listened to the exhortation to "be passive" until they really think that idleness is a cardinal virtue, and that a masterly inactivity is most essential to progress in all spiritual gifts and graces. They must not do any thing, because all voluntary effort renders them more positive, and therefore more invulnerable to the influence of Spirits. Others fancy that it is sinful to doubt the strict reliability of Spirits; that they must believe every thing that emanates from an invisible source; in short, that abject dependence and implicit faith are necessary to spiritual growth and salvation. All such persons deem it unwise to "try the Spirits," and quite unbecomingly, if it be not absolutely profane, to subject their advice to the ordeal of genuine facts and enlightened reason. These people are wont to consult Spirits respecting the most trivial affairs of every-day life, and they frequently degrade themselves and the subject by their blind credulity and servility.

We might illustrate the particular subject of this article by a special reference to individual examples, but, as far as possible, we desire to avoid all invidious distinctions and allusions. Nevertheless the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Pseudo Fanfaron renders it necessary to refer to his case. This gentleman was some time since visited by a Spirit; at least he fancied that he was, which amounts to the same thing with him. Well, it happened, speaking after the manner of men who believe in chance rather than Providence, that Mr. Fanfaron's spirit tickled his ambition by telling him that Solomon was a fool to him, and that he was about to become greatly distinguished among men. And it came to pass that Pseudo, who is also called Fanfaron, rose early in the morning under the weighty impression that the salvation of both hemispheres mainly depended on him. Had he not been chosen to perform a great mission? Moreover, he was selected from among all the inhabitants of the earth on account of the peculiar adaptation of his faculties to important uses and Divine ends. Although the wisdom of the choice was perfectly obvious even to the chosen one himself, still he was not, it should be observed, at all un mindful of the immortal honors conferred with his high position. What if he preferred to remain in obscurity; he was not the man to disappoint the expectations of heaven and earth! Accordingly he decided, without hesitation, to accept the appointment, and resolved at once to abandon his legitimate pursuits, leave his wife and children to take care of themselves, and to embark in the more important and honorable business of world-saving.

Having at length been unexpectedly directed to take a journey of 500 miles to New York, Mr. Fanfaron immediately started off and came through by daylight. On his arrival, he assured us with the utmost complacency, that acting under the instructions of a class of Spirits far more exalted than any who had ever deigned to notice us, he had come here on a most important mission. We inquired, respectfully, concerning the nature of the proposed mission, when it was politely suggested, that, for the present, an airy apartment must be provided for the medium, with the addition of muffins and coffee, and that in due time his mission would be disclosed. Now we have often had occasion to observe that these embryo apostles remain very quietly in the shell—waiting patiently for further developments—so long as the required provisions are forthcoming. But if at any time the muffins and coffee are likely to fall short, they straightway begin to be developed, and to receive the most significant communications, reproving skepticism and selfishness, and urging the importance of imparting our substance freely, as indispensable to our own Spiritualization.

It is but a few days since a member of the same family came to our office, and in a cool, formal manner proposed that the Editor should furnish him with a printing press, type, furniture, etc., "without money and without price," which he desired to take with him into "the wilderness," and to use in printing communications which he expected to receive from Spirits. This proposition was submitted in writing, and the claim was supported by a new species of diplomacy, in which

it was courteously resolved to decide whether we are or are not sincere in our professions of interest in Spiritualism, by our resolution to accept or reject the aforesaid proposal. But the chief scribe in this establishment being some five hundred short, was of course in no situation to respond in a satisfactory manner, by contributing three times that sum to establish a new printing press "in the wilderness," and on this account we suppose it has been decided that we are not sincere. The decision is most certainly unjust, but it remains for us, even in our misfortune, to illustrate a cardinal virtue by devout submission. We might perhaps console ourselves with the prospect of an appeal from this ungracious judgment, could we reasonably hope to ever find a higher tribunal.

Mr. Pseudo Fanfaron has a brother Robert in Wisconsin, who has a lengthy communication, chiefly in verse, in a late number of the *Spiritual Era*, in which he declares that our Editorial brother out West is "bound to shine," provided he will only consent to publish Robert's poetry. Now we want to "shine" a little, too—is it not a laudable desire?—and accordingly we copy the following rare specimen:

TO BROTHER BAKER.

Give truth a place, dear Bro', in that wee sheet o' thine,
And ere a year above the best thou'll shine;
A medium tutored by the spirits I am,
Whom could not spelt my name when they began,
And all because I left the road to Dimes!

I'm called insane, and driven to the winds—
And even they who boast of new-born souls,
Hath dashed me from them 'gainst the rugged shoals!!!
I live a hermit in a distant glen,
Far from the gaze of Devils, things called men.

Robert being in rapport with his familiars, the following satisfactory reason is assigned for addressing the Editor of the *Era* in the preceding rhythmical composition.

The reason is so remarkable that we copy it *verbatim*.

The reason why we have asked you in verse instead of prose, is simply because MILLER is a natural Powerful Poet, and with his organization we can give ideas better than in prose. He will never be a lengthy prose writer, but for brevity, and condensing the long articles of others, we have not found his equal.

The Silver Lake Spirits are not the visionary and unstable kind we read of in works of fiction. They are eminently practical, and seem determined to find good winter quarters for Robert. To this end they urge the case with Bro. Baker as follows:

We desire that you, together with some of your friends, provide for him a comfortable room, where he will not be disturbed by the curiosity of the ignorant; and while the weather is cool and bracing, he will be able and willing to labor at any employment to pay for his board, until his writings begin to draw on the friends of reform, which will be very extensive within one year, if provided for within that time.
You will not doubt us, when we tell you that the reason we do not spell correctly when we write by Miller is, we give him the ideas only, and in order to train him to enable him to give out his own knowledge of things to mankind—and his desires are great for that—we impress him to keep trying; and also the same in grammar, and all other points in writing, so that in one sense he is self taught.

Send him a notice of your willingness. Silver Lake, Waushara Co., Wisconsin.
SPIRITS WITH R. MILLER.

We have not space for further illustrations of Robert's assumed superiority, as a poet, and of his unequalled powers of "condensation;" but we would respectfully suggest to our Western brother that, if he can find any thing else for Robert to do "while the weather is cool and bracing," he had better not employ him to write for the *Era*.

A few serious words, and we will dismiss the subject. It does not yet appear that the persons especially referred to in this connection, and others who answer the same general description, are media for Spirits in any form or sense whatever; and we protest against the practice of holding Spirits responsible for all their idle vagaries. We have particularly examined a number of cases of this class, and have found them utterly wanting in any reliable proofs of mediumship. Some of them were doubtless honest, and others probably were, consciously, mere pretenders, seeking notoriety and a situation—precisely adapted to their wants—i. e. one that requires no talent, no labor, and pays liberally. If any poor brother is self-deceived or led astray by others, owing to his moral weakness or mental imbecility, he is deserving of our unbounded sympathy and forbearance; but no false delicacy or morbid apprehension of giving offense should prompt a sensible man to keep silent until a weak, wandering brother is left to "fall into the ditch," to his own injury and the scandal of the cause. If Spirits have aught to do with any such disorderly proceedings, as possibly they may have in certain cases, this does nothing to justify our efforts to immortalize confusion, by giving publicity to their crude ideas and chaotic exhibitions.

A DARK AND DISTANT DEDUCTION.

Under the caption of "Frederika Bremer a Mormoness in Sentiment," the Dixon (Ill.) *Telegraph* publishes the subjoined extract from her writings, and thereupon contends "that she sympathizes with the Latter Day Saints" in their notions of polygamy. This distant and desperate conclusion does not appear to us to depend on the premises from which the Western editor professes to reason, but, probably, on his own utter misapprehension of the import of Miss Bremer's language, which we will here introduce:

I now take the opportunity of making a confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make it from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk—so now for it—some time or other people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never find a man more captivating than when he is a married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect, in my eyes, as when he is a husband and the father of a family, supporting in his manly arms wife and children; and the whole domestic circle, on his entrance into this state, close around him and constitute a part of his home and world. He is not merely ennobled by his position, but he is actually beautified by it; then he appears to me as the crown of creation—and it is only such a man as this that is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But, then, propriety forbids it. And Moses, and all the European legislators declare it to be sinful, and married women consider it a sacred duty to stone me. Nevertheless, I can not prevent the thing. It is so, and can not be otherwise; and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me is in my future confession that no love affects me so pleasantly, the contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy, as that between married people. It is amazing to myself, because it seems to me that I, living unmarried or matchless, have but little to do. But it is so and always was so.

Miss Bremer is by no means the only lady who has a preference for married men. We could instance several interesting examples. Indeed, every true and enlightened woman must feel that the exercise of the home affections tends to balance and perfect the whole character. The proper mental, moral, and social equilibrium is scarcely to be found among single men, for the obvious reason that some of the most essential attributes of human nature require for their proper de-

velopment—the existence of the conjugal and paternal relations. The chief scribe at Dixon is probably an old bachelor, and does not feel particularly complimented by Miss Bremer's preference; hence this most ungenerous and illogical conclusion, by which he at once assails the fair fame of the gifted authoress, and profanes the memory of John Locke. We should no more think of inferring the same, respecting Miss Bremer, from any thing in the preceding extract, than we should conclude from the Dixon editor's remarks that he was a man of ordinary discrimination.

NOT YET ARRIVED.

We cut the following brief paragraph from a rambling and loosely written article in a late number of the *Spiritual Era*, published at Ripley, Ohio. It is the effort of Mr. Robert Miller, a correspondent, who, of course, has an undoubted right to introduce himself to our notice in his own way:

"How, or why is it, that our brothers of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH still paddle in the mud-puddle of evil Spirits without explaining the reason why they do so? It is possible that they still adhere to the teachings of Swedenborg, who was only a half-way house to the heaven of common sense."

Now, Robert has evidently been a very careless reader of the *Telegraph*, or he would have known that we wrote and published a somewhat lengthy review of Rev. Charles Beecher's Report, wherein we labored—with what success we can not say—to explode the orthodox notion of "evil Spirits" or "devils." Indeed, all that we have written hitherto abundantly proves that we were never exactly in that "puddle," and that the veracious correspondent of the *Era* was never more mistaken in his life. We are not aware that evil Spirits ever troubled us, not even by misrepresenting our views; nor have we ever found any post-mortem Spirits who were any worse than those we every day meet with in the flesh. If we may be allowed to employ Robert's elegant and lucid language, it may be observed, that we never "paddle in the mud-puddle" with such Spirits, except when—as in the present instance—we venture in to help some poor mortal out.

Bro. Baker's correspondent writes under the head of "*Poetry from an insane Spiritualist*," he occupies two columns and a half, very unprofitably, if we are qualified to judge, though it must be conceded that the article itself aptly illustrates the title. If Robert ever arrives at the "half-way house" we shall be pleased to hear from him again.

JUDGE EDMONDS AND THE NEW VOLUME.

The personal friends of Judge Edmonds, and the numerous friends of the spiritual cause who are anxiously awaiting the publication of the second volume of "*Spiritualism*," will be gratified with the intelligence contained in the following brief note from Dr. Dexter.

West Roxbury, Aug. 22, 1864.

GENTLEMEN:

I have to announce to you the gratifying intelligence that the Judge is much better. He is now able to sit up all day, and has had no attack for the last ten days. We have commenced our labors on the book, and hope to have it completed this week. I shall remain with him until the book is finished, and then return home. The Judge has been more seriously ill than he has apprehended. "The Spirits have taken the case in their own hands, and it is by their remedies alone that he has recovered; and I trust that they have so far obtained the mastery over his 'old troubles' that his recovery will be effectual and permanent. I am very much pleased, also, to say to you, that you can go on with the printing of the book before this month expires.

Very truly,
GEORGE T. DEXTER.

CONFERENCE AT THIS OFFICE.

AUGUST 22d.—The Conference was opened by Dr. ORRIS, who stated some facts; and among them the reception of another Poem by the author of an "Epic of the Starry Heaven," and of about the same length, entitled "Lyric of the Morning Land." Prof. M. followed; and the meeting soon became animated over a variety of interesting topics, which detained the audience until half past ten o'clock. No justice could be done to the speakers, or the subjects under review, in this brief notice. Bro. Hewitt, of Boston, Mr. Pray, Dr. Young, and Prof. Brittan followed each other in succession. Bro. Hewitt spoke of the different classes of minds to be satisfied; of the importance of the different phases of manifestation which seem fitted to meet this diversity of mind, and of the harmonious results to be anticipated in the end. Bro. Pray spoke of the immediate providence of God in all things—affirming that there is, and can be, no such thing as an accident. He illustrated the point by several incidents, and among them gave a beautiful relation concerning some birds now in his possession. He saw in some part of the city, one day, some singularly handsome birds offered for sale, and regretted that it was not convenient for him to obtain them. Very soon after, a member of his family dreamed that two very beautiful birds, similar in appearance to those he had seen, and almost fished for water, came into the house and took refuge in the canary bird's cage. Mr. Pray knew nothing of this dream, though others of his family did, while they knew nothing of his having seen a peculiar kind of bird, and feeling a desire to possess a pair, when the dream was suddenly fulfilled. A pair of beautiful, bright, colored birds were discovered in the canary's cage, all wet with a bath they had just given themselves in the canary's tub. The resemblance to those seen in the dream, was said to be perfect. The cage hung in the window, and the only place of entrance for the little strangers was on the inside, through a very small and accidental orifice, hardly large enough to admit them.

The latter part of the evening was particularly given to discussion, and the points mooted were of great interest. Bro. Hewitt said that though all kinds of manifestation were useful and necessary, interior development was the important object—the end to be sought—and, indeed, so soon as the mind could reach the necessary plane, those manifestations which come to the spirit within, would be found most satisfactory of all. Dr. Young thought that whatever came otherwise than through the external senses was of no use—could not be deemed reliable to the recipient, or made available to others. Prof. Brittan felt the full importance of the external senses, and of external manifestations, as means of knowledge and growth, but thought the inner senses possessed a higher, wider, and nobler range on which we must rely for the highest spiritual development. He illustrated this point in several ways, and particularly by reference to the Saviour, whose wisdom on all subjects could not have been obtained through the external senses to any considerable extent.

J. R. O.

MATTERS AND THINGS OVER THE WATER.

Progress of Spiritualism in England.—Louis Napoleon and Prof. Anderson—Mr. Townsend and Major Lake's Investigations—Distinguished Families Interested—The Yorkshire Media—Circles in London—The "Zoist" Caving In—Mrs. Hayden—Beggary Character of the Opposition—Prospect of a Public Spiritual Journal in London—Major Raine's Investigations.

For the following interesting communication we are indebted to a distinguished English friend, who, as may be inferred from his letter, has once before placed us under a similar obligation. We venture to hope that our esteemed correspondent will have occasion to write more frequently hereafter. We shall keep his suggestion—expressed near the close of his epistle—in mind, and although our columns are constantly crowded, we may be able, ere long, to find space for at least a synopsis of Major Raine's investigation of the Spirit-manifestations. In the mean time we may remind our readers that the whole may be found in the *Sacred Circle*, published at this office.—Ed.

LONDON, Aug. 11, 1864.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH:

Sir—In a former letter to you, I proposed to keep you advised from time to time of the progress which Spiritualism is making here. Other pressing engagements and absence have hitherto prevented me.

There is no doubt whatever that the phenomena of Spiritualism are quietly working their way with men who have wit enough to believe in the evidence of their own senses. Perhaps the causes which contribute more than any thing else to this result, are the singular mistakes of relation into which the whole genus of fraud detectors unconsciously fall. A signal example of one of this class was made the other day by order of the Emperor of the French. A wandering juggler had boasted, that during the exile and poverty of Louis Napoleon, he, the juggler, had lent the Prince money, and intimating, I think, that it was still due to him. This, combined with an electro-magnetic battery for producing "spiritual rappings," caused a good deal of sympathy and notoriety. But what a crusher to our sympathy, and damper to our reliance was an article in the *Times* the other day, inserted by order of the Emperor, denying in the most explicit terms all knowledge of acquaintance with, or indebtedness to—Professor Anderson!

Belonging to the same moral family, but of a lower intellectual order, is the following apparently useless and transparent statement extracted from the 42d No. of the *Zoist*: "The Rev. Mr. T. (Townsend) went with Major — (Lake). He took no pains, and all was correct. The major paused with care on each letter, and all was wrong. Mr. Townsend, in his work entitled 'Mesmerism Proved True,' in speaking of this same *seance*, says, 'My cousin, Major Lake, who was with me, on the contrary, when his friend was called up, dotted along the alphabet with military precision, and in strict marching order; from which tactics resulted this fact, that the ghost did not know his own name, though he declared the manner of his death with sufficient truth by spelling out the single word "shot."* In the account published by the *Zoist*, all was wrong. In Mr. Townsend's account, all but the name was right, and even that he does not say was wrong. There is a world of difference between the two relations, and people very naturally ask why two writers, personal friends and correspondents, can not relate the same simple occurrences without flatly contradicting each other. Inquiry is thus promoted, and truth gains by it.

In many families of distinction, and with people justly celebrated for their talents and acquirements, these phenomena are studied with intense interest. In Yorkshire there are several media of excellent powers, and in London two or three (not professional), who are constantly the center of a numerous circle of deeply interested friends. The time is not far distant when a universal belief in the existence of these phenomena will be entertained; and alas! for him and them, the time is not far distant when the great (I deal not with the small fry)—when the great London detector will stand forth confessed—an ass. Even the poor *Zoist*, the other day, to the inextinguishable laughter of all its few readers, faltered out at the eleventh hour an acknowledgment of the possibility of abnormal noises being heard in a sick room!

There are many people of my acquaintance who would gladly increase their theoretical knowledge by personal experience, but are prevented from the circumstance of there being no professional mediums here. The return of Mrs. Hayden to America was rather unfortunate, both for herself and for her friends. For herself, because it gave occasion to those little, irritable, obstinate wasps to say that they had driven her off by their venomous stings. To her friends, because many of them, by association with her, had begun to partake of the powers with which she was so signally endowed, and which, not being then firmly established in them, have gradually faded away.

It is almost too much to hope, after the foul-mouthed and emphatically blackguard manner in which she was treated here, that this lady will ever return. Her friends, however, desire it as much as her enemies dread it. Now that we have had time for cool consideration and for a close examination of the various evidence, the verdict of common sense with the community at large must be given against the possibility of any mechanical mode of making the raps. Two or three materialists, it is true, carry on a feeble war of "shoes"—big toes and little toes—but they publish their opinions in works alone read by mesmerists, who, as a class, are the very people who know all these statements about detection to be, in the face of the facts, the most ridiculous trash and unscrupulous conjecture that ever disgraced the pages of a journal, now ranking as the worst informed, the coarsest, and most personal in London.

In a short time it is highly probable that the increasing friends of truth will be able to support a weekly paper devoted to all the phenomena of mesmerism, clairvoyance, table-moving, and rappings. It will not for the present advocate any theory, but will be more used as a means of laying before the public all well-substantiated statements. It will necessarily supersede the *Zoist*, as it will not only be more ably edited, but appear oftener at a cheaper rate. This is the want of the day; all our journals are lamentably ignorant, and oh, how bigoted! It would confer a great benefit both to your paper

* In justice to Mr. Townsend for a work bearing such unexpected and valuable evidence on this one point, I must finish the quotation of the sentence after the word "shot." "A piece of correctness which Major Lake pervertedly attributed to his own bronzed aspect and formidable whiskers." One would think that Major Lake would have rather suggested the idea of drowning than shooting, but I suppose Mrs. Hayden got at the fact by a species of *kephalomanancy*.

I must give the "old gentleman" his due. The virtue of impartiality is still to be found in these pages. He treats all petticoats alike. As a crimson shawl and a mad bull, a red rag and a turkey-cock, so he dashes convulsively at every female form. He had just gained a gallant and manly victory over Mrs. Crowe, in which he no doubt behaved himself to the perfect satisfaction of all the friends he now possesses, when still thirsting for fame, he achieves another trophy by insulating the sorrow of a mother for a lost child. The simple weight of Professor De Morgan's name, as an advocate of the truth of mesmerism, has done more for its establishment with the public at large, than the exertions of a score of doctors for as many years.

and readers, if you would transfer the leading points of Major Raine's examination to your columns, with some observations, founded on facts, of the possibility of distant clairvoyants communicating with a circle through the rappings.

The friends of Mrs. Hayden desire to be presented to her in the kindest manner, and long to see her back to the utter confusion of doctors, detectives, and dunces.

SPIRITUALISM IN SOUTHOOLD, LONG ISLAND.

The writer of this recently had the pleasure of a visit to Southold, L. I., where, with esteemed friends of *lany syne*, we attended a circle on Thursday evening of last week, and on Friday evening lectured to an audience respectable in number considering the shortness of the notice. Both the circle and the audience were composed of some of the most intelligent and influential persons in the place. We spoke for nearly an hour and a half of the evidences of spiritual intercourse, ancient and modern, comparing the phenomena of former times with those now daily occurring; and the profound attention with which our humble effort was honored, testified to the deep interest which our theme possessed in the minds of the people. Several copies of the *Telegraph* circulate in the place, which we were happy to learn were very highly appreciated, and are working good results. We were glad to find so many of the intelligent inhabitants of Southold so deeply absorbed in this highly worthy subject of inquiry, and that Spiritualism has assumed a stand among them which must necessarily exert a leavening influence upon the surrounding community. W. F.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ASTOUNDING FACTS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD, witnessed at the house of J. A. Gridley, Southampton, Mass., by a circle of friends, embracing the extremes of good and evil. The great doctrines of the Bible, such as the Resurrection, Day of Judgment, Christ's Second Coming, fulfilled and philosophically and beautifully unfolded by the Spirits, with many hundreds of the most interesting questions answered from the same source, relative to the home on which the reader as well as the writer must soon enter. Southampton, Mass., Josiah A. Gridley.

Such is the lengthy and somewhat cumbersome title of a work of 202 pages, abounding with facts truly "astounding," and embracing discussions, by Spirits, of many interesting and important subjects. The facts are related in a simple, straightforward style, and may be perused with interest and profit by investigators of the "new unfolding," however they may differ from the author in respect to some of his theological views. Many of them are of such a nature as no person, we venture to say, will ever seriously attempt to account for save on the supposition of Spirit-interposition. Most of the invisible agents of the phenomena recorded were of a genial and heavenly character, and their manifestations and communications were beneficent, instructive, and elevating; but a few of them, according to the author's account, were characterized by ineffable finishtness and malignity.

In the communications of the author's leading Spirit-attendants, which were given serially at the successive *seances*, the great leading doctrines of the Bible, such as the Resurrection, the Day of Judgment, Christ's Second Coming, etc., are strongly maintained, though these receive totally different, and, to us, far more rational interpretations at the hands of the invisible, from those which they receive at the hands of self-styled orthodoxy. On these and other points, however, the author and his Spirit-friends are often at variance with the "Harmonical Philosophy" as taught in the writings of Mr. Davis, and by Spirits through other mediums. Of the merits of the controversy thus raised we need not express an opinion at present, believing, as we do, that the truth possesses sufficient intrinsic force to secure its own manifestation in due time. The work is not free from literary blemishes, and, in our personal judgment, has other faults more or less conspicuous, but, upon the whole, it may be confidently commended to the attention of spiritual investigators, who will find its perusal generally both entertaining and profitable. For sale at this office. Price, 63 cents.

Heuri; or the Web and Wool of Life. By William G. Cambridge. Boston: Abel Tompkins and R. B. Mussey & Co.

This is a novel in the form of an imaginary autobiography, comprised in 432 beautifully printed pages. The plot is ingeniously laid, and the interest of the story is so absorbing and so well sustained that few persons after reading the first chapter will be willing to lay down the book until they have finished it. The author has taken occasion to intersperse his narrative with reformatory, progressive, and spiritual ideas, and, without lending any countenance to a presumptive irreverence of things truly sacred, has dealt some right vigorous blows at a starveling, miserly, hypocritical pietism as represented in the person of old Deacon Webster. The book will be read with pleasure and profit by persons of all classes, and Spiritualists will find in it reflections of many of their own cherished ideas. It has some faults of style, which can scarcely escape the notice of the nicely critical reader, but these will be generally overlooked in the eagerness to pursue the story through its exciting and ever varying scenes and incidents.

The experiment of attempting to establish a popular Magazine devoted to original contributions from American authors has been remarkably successful in the hands of Mr. Putnam, whose elegant Monthly appears regularly, and realizes at once all the promises of the Publisher and the highest expectation of the public. If any man has a regard for American authors, whether from motives of interest, ambition, or patriotism, he certainly will not neglect Putnam's original work, to support a serial publication of the foreign magazine literature.

Several articles in the September number of Putnam will be sure to elicit remarks, among which are a stringent discussion of the slavery question; "Wood Notes;" "The Wilds of Northern New York;" "Literature of Almanacs;" "Prairie Letters;" "The Proper Sphere of Man;" and "The Editor at large." The editor may be abroad, but he is at the same time most essentially at home. The present issue is highly interesting.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, edited by Abel Stevens, and devoted to Literature, Art, and Religion, is on our table, as usual before the time. This is one of the most original and valuable periodicals in this country. The contributions are characterized by unusual ability, while with respect to its mechanical execution and artistic embellishments, it is second to no magazine in this country. The articles in the present issue are the following: "Donald McKay" (with four engravings); "Sing with the Harp" (Poetry); "Luther and the Reformation" (six engravings); "A trip from St. Petersburg to Constantinople" (nine engravings); "The day of our Lord" (Poetry); "The Catacombs of Rome" (seventeen engravings); "Quietism in France;" "Small Things;" "The Religion of the Poets;" "The Hell of Tyranny—the Terrors of Jesuitism;" "Set a Thief to catch a Thief;" "Hayden;" "Antiquities of Central America;" "Evening" (engraving); "The Crusader" (five engravings); Description of an old-fashioned Garden; "Magic in India;" "Short Articles;" "Editorial Notes and Gleanings;" "Book Notices;" "Literary Record;" "Arts and Sciences." Published by Carlton and Phillips, 200 Mulberry Street, New York.

We have received from Mr. Horace Waters, Music Publisher and Dealer, 333 Broadway, the following choice variety of Social Songs, Ballads, Waltzes, etc.:

Our Girls. Ballad words, C. D. Stuart; music, Thomas Baker; 38 cents. This Ballad is full of sparkling melody and complimentary sentiment. The title page is embellished with a beautiful illuminated vignette—"Our Girls."
Let Me Alone. Ballad words, James Simmonds; music, Henry C. Watson; 25 cts. This is a comic piece, full of fun and good melody.

Wishes and his Dinah. Another Ballad of the chaste comic order, by Thomas Baker; 25 cents.
I'm Free to Love, Better Times are Coming, Friends, and Amy Rose Lee. Three choice songs full of cheery sentiment, by H. Dumbleton, director of Dumbleton's Minstrel; 25 cents each.

Amoretten Waltz. By Augustus Goebel; 25 cents. This is a rich gem, combining the music of the merry, rubbing, dancing stream, the roaring, foaming, ocean wave, and the gentle sighing of the evening breeze.
The Frolic Song; brilliant variations. By Oscar Comstant. A magnificent musical arrangement. Price, 35 cents.

Mr. Waters' catalogue is one of the largest and best selected in the city, and persons forwarding their orders will receive their music post-paid.

FACTS AND REMARKS.

VISION CONCERNING MONEY-DIGGING.—Being on a recent lecturing tour, the writer formed an acquaintance with a gentleman whose experience in certain phases of spiritual manifestations had apparently not been very extensive, and who had been told, by some Spirit, of a certain deposit of money in the ground, and where, by taking the bearings from certain landmarks, he might search for and find it. As those landmarks had, by the lapse of time, been in a great measure obliterated, our friend wanted further directions as to locality, and inquired of us as to the best medium or clairvoyant to indicate the spot. We endeavored to persuade him that money deposited in the earth, whose owners afterward leave this sphere of being, thereby becomes the property of the human race, and that all search for it by individuals, therefore, is disorderly, and would almost certainly result in failure; but our argument seemed to have little impression until the following vision was granted: As we were quietly sitting with closed eyes, not expecting or even thinking of a spiritual monition concerning the subject of the gentleman's inquiries, we spiritually saw a fresh excavation in the earth, which we were conscious was made in searching for the money, and the skeleton of a very large bird was sitting upon the side of it and looking down into the hole. The skeleton seemed to be of a large eagle, but his eyes and beak much resembled those of some of the ancient fossil saurians. After looking earnestly down into the pit for a moment, and discovering nothing there but the fresh earth, he, as it were voluntarily, sank down into it and disappeared. The following analysis and interpretation immediately occurred: The eagle, being a bird of lofty flight, represented ambition; the saurian eyes and beak represented greediness; the fact that the form was but a fleshless skeleton represented the deadness of the particular object of the ambition and greediness, or its desolation of real good; and the form hiding itself in the pit which it had dug, represented the certain failure of our friend's proposed enterprise, and the fact that he would afterward be desirous to bury the proceeding in secrecy and oblivion, and thus escape the ridicule of the world and the reproaches of his own dearly-bought wisdom. We frankly related the vision and the interpretation just as it occurred, and we think our friend was induced by it to entirely abandon his money-digging project, thanking the kind spiritual influence which thus timely interfered to rescue him from some severe experiences and disappointments; and if this relation has a similar effect upon any other person disposed to follow the illusive directions of low Spirits and clairvoyants in searching for hidden treasures, our object will not be entirely lost.

SINGULAR WARNING AND SPIRITUAL IMPRESSION.—Some few weeks ago, John Duddenhos, a German, residing in Newark, while hoeing beets in the garden of a neighbor, found a leaf of one of those plants which was green on one side and perfectly white on the other. He cut off the leaf, observing that in the country whence he had emigrated such a phenomenon in nature was considered as a sure sign of death in the neighborhood, and he expressed his belief in the reality of that form of monition. Shortly afterward he discovered a similar leaf in his own garden, and again expressed his belief that there would soon be a death in the neighborhood. It did not, however, seem to occur to him that he might be the destined victim; nevertheless, a day or two afterward he was drowned. His death may or may not have been a mere accidental coincidence with the premonition; but the most singular part of the story remains to be told. At the very hour that Duddenhos was being drowned, a sister of his, residing in Brooklyn, being overcome with the heat, fell asleep and dreamed vividly that she saw her brother drowning. On awaking she found the vision of her dream so vividly impressed upon her mind as a real occurrence, that she immediately set out with all possible haste to Newark, and arrived there just as they were putting her brother in his grave-clothes! The Newark Mercury, from which the foregoing particulars are gathered, states that it is prepared to substantiate this whole narrative by the testimony of those who are immediately interested.

SPIRITUAL INTIMATION OF DEATH.—Mr. Zacharias Goldsmith, of Southold, L. I. (now deceased), was one day engaged, with another man, chopping wood within a few rods of the shore of Long Island Sound. There was a bluff between them and the water which prevented them from seeing the latter unless they first ascended the eminence. While engaged in their work they both distinctly heard, in the direction of the water, the sound of oars, as if a person were approaching the shore in a boat. Anon they heard the sound of a human voice, and a moment after they as distinctly heard the boat strike the shore. These sounds being equally distinct to both of them, they both stepped to the top of the bluff to ascertain who was approaching, one observing at the same time that the Yankees from Connecticut were probably about making them a visit. From their elevated position on the bluff they could see the Sound shore for miles either way, and not a boat nor a human being was anywhere to be seen! They were unable to conceive how the strange sounds so distinctly heard could have originated, or why they should have occurred. Mr. Goldsmith afterward ascertained that his father had that day ventured alone in a boat upon the Sound, a few miles east of that place, and was subsequently found drowned, clinging to one of the oars, while the boat had drifted ashore. He regarded the preternatural sounds heard by him and his companion as a monition of the death of his father. We have this narration from a highly intelligent member of Mr. Goldsmith's family.

ANOTHER PREMONITION VISION AND WRATH.—Mr. Miller, whose curious account of the apparition of his distant wife at the hour of her death we give in a separate paragraph, also relates to us the following: He says that while lying, one night, in his berth aboard of a vessel at anchor, he heard the sound of footsteps upon the deck. Knowing that the sounds could not proceed from any of the crew, who were either in their berths or absent on shore, he arose to ascertain who was there. On ascending to the deck he distinctly saw his brother, whom he knew to be absent at sea, standing before him with an oil-dress on, such as he had never seen him wear before, and with a gun slung across his back. He at first thought that his brother had, in proper person, come aboard of the vessel, but on speaking to him he was surprised to receive no answer. He turned his face to one side for some purpose, and when he looked for his brother again he was not to be seen! Eight days from that time the vessel with which his brother had sailed was cast away, and all on board perished, and when the body of the brother was subsequently found, it was clothed in the oil-dress with a gun slung across the back, exactly as the visionist had seen him!

The father of my informant (Rev. Thomas Miller, of Southold, L. I.), told me that on the very night when his son was cast away, his voice was distinctly heard and recognized under the window at home, calling to his mother! Facts of this kind, so numerous and so well authenticated, certainly throw some light upon the laws of spiritual existence, and give some distinct intimations as to the soul's estate at the moment of its departure from the physical tenement.

A WRATH.—Mr. Miller, a son of the Rev. Thomas Miller, of Southold, L. I., relates to us that a few years ago, while at sea, between the Azores Islands and the island of St. Helena, he one day, after having been in conversation with some of the passengers, on religious subjects, suddenly fell into a trance and saw his wife stand before him, with a smiling countenance, gazing upon him. After looking upon him for some time she floated over the side of the vessel and disappeared. He then returned to outer consciousness and found his companions clanking his body, thinking that he had fainted, or had been in a fit. Mr. Miller had not previously been a believer in monitions of this kind, but he told his companions of his vision, and remarked that his wife, whom he had left at home, was dead, and that he should never see her again in this world. The precise hour and moment of this occurrence was noted, and when he arrived at home he ascertained that at that very moment his wife was "struck with death," and that at that moment she had been writing some verses to him respecting her expected departure!

POWERFUL LIFTINGS WITHOUT CONTACT.—Mr. Joseph H. Goldsmith, of Southold, L. I., an esteemed personal friend of the writer, and for whose veracity we can most authoritatively vouch, informs us that he and several of his personal friends, among whom was a Spirit-medium, recently surrounded a small table and held the points of their fingers several inches above it, while no one was touching it, when the table rose in the air and remained suspended apparently on nothingness while he counted one hundred and thirty-three, and then it fell to the floor. A girl about thirteen years of age was then placed upon the table and the experiment again tried. Their fingers were placed over the table, without contact, as before, when table, girl, and all rose and remained suspended some fifteen or twenty seconds, and then gently descended. As in similar cases, the force which suspended the table purported to be Spirit-agency, making use, for that purpose, of the ethereal emanations of the medium and the circle. Here is another case for Dr. Dods.

Original Communications.

TEARS WEPT AT THE GRAVE OF FLORENCE.

We have received two poems from Dr. Chivers, who is already widely known in literary circles as a natural poet and an accomplished artist. The productions of his pen uniformly exhibit a strong power of imagination, profound erudition, and an accurate perception and appreciation of harmony. In the following exquisite utterance, the poet's living inspiration, and the father's deathless love, are revealed with artistic effect and irresistible pathos.—Ed.

By T. H. CHIVERS, M.D.

O Inchy's marium fons!—Gray's "Pneuma."

Oh, Florence dead! when thou wert here,
All things were bright to me;
Since thou art gone—left thus alone—
No sun nor moon I see!
For all things bright went with the light
I only found in thee!
Yes, my fair child! my undefiled!
Since thou wert from me driven,
A white-winged dove sails now above,
To lead my soul to Heaven!

The songs of birds, all gentle words,
Fell sweetly on mine ear;
The flowers of Spring, each joyful thing,
Seemed fair when thou wert here.
Each day was bright, but brought no night,
Because my child was near.
Thy dove-winged barque, launched in the dark,
By tempests rudely driven,
On Death's dark sea, sails now from me,
To reach the port of Heaven!

No voice can say, no words portray—
No sense can fail to feel—
What grief appears wept in these tears—
Tears can alone reveal!
My voice doth weep from my soul's deep,
Tears that no time can heal!
Like some bright star, seen, though afar,
Through the wild tempest driven—
Thy milk-white barque sails through the dark,
Safe in the port of Heaven!

Like some sick child, with grief grown mild,
Here will I, with like guest,
With wild-bird wail, through Death's dark vale,
Cry my sad soul to rest!
Again, again sweep through my brain
Wild memories of the best!
A white-winged dove sails now above,
Out of this lone ark driven—
My soul's bright star, seen now afar—
Lost PERDUE found in Heaven.

OAK GROVE, GA., Oct. 28, 1842.

INTERVIEW WITH SCIENTIFIC SPIRITS.

August 16, 1854.

MR. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—At a circle which I attended last evening, where I endeavored to get answers to the following questions, the Spirits stated that if I would consult a medium residing at about nine miles from where I then was, she would be able to answer my questions more fully, and that the Spirit would be assisted by Swedenborg and Newton. To-day I met the medium named, and received the following replies to my questions. As they may prove as interesting to your readers as they have to me, I send them for publication. These replies are received through a writing medium, and some of the replies were commenced to be written before I had finished reading the questions to which they were intended as an answer. The handwriting frequently changed, and closely resembles the different hands received from the same Spirits on former occasions.

QUESTION No. 1.—May I in these questions assume the words vital principle as representing the Divine Spirit as it resides in ultimates, and in matter?

ANSWER.—You have not a definite idea of vital principle, for this is the result of the action of spirit on the human or animal organism. The Spirit of Nature, which we call by the name of God, we know of only as being an attribute of combinations, but do not yet discern its simples—the Spirit resident in matter. We only know of it by the motions among the particles, and the systems of organism in matter.

QUESTION No. 2.—Am I to view the simples, so called by chemists, as the primitive divisions of matter as to constituents, and not as to state of division?

ANSWER.—No: You may only consider the chemical simples as material simples, but even these are combinations. The Spirit is still more minute in its subdivision, and more ethereal than any of these simples, and is only resident as inert simples in them. No chemical test may analyze to the fullest extent, because they but combine with new material, and disorganize matter grossly. In this way you have as yet only attained, by the analyses of chemistry, a more proximate analysis, but not by any means an ultimate one.

[Here I said: I do not see that the above contradicts the simples being really simples apart from spirit.]

We must not consider that as simple which is composite, nor do we understand the distinction between material and spirit accurately. We know that oxygen enters into new subdivisions in its appropriation in the animal functions, still by the chemists to be recognized in its more material combination as pure oxygen, therefore we say it may be called a material simple, as being a simple when subjected only to the comparative analysis.

[The medium then wrote the following paragraph, and stated that while writing it she felt less under Spirit-influence than previously. The handwriting also was quite different.]

By comparative analysis we mean, that it was only known to be pure because that is the state in which it proves itself to have close affinity with other substances, or that it is left by other affinities separating it from its combinations.

QUESTION No. 3.—Do the primitives exist in a diffused state throughout space, or only in certain rarefied media?

ANSWER.—The primitives of material combinations exist wherever those materials which are of them, are to be found.

[I then asked, Do they not exist elsewhere? In other words, Does the above mean that primitives do not exist except in a combined or organized form as observable by man? to which it was answered:]

We know of the primitives only in their perceptible combinations. Howbeit, all combinations of spiritual primitives are not observable by man.

QUESTION No. 4.—By what direction of travel are those media enabled to coalesce, or compress, or collect the ultimates forming matter?

ANSWER.—We may not tell, because we do not know definitely.

[Here the handwriting changed.]

By all the means in our power we analyze Nature's laws, but there are some which are as yet to us mysterious. We

are not yet in full sympathy with these laws of combinations. We may also tell you in this place why we were unable to comprehend spiritual things by the mind, as well as the more philosophical things, which your remarks, before were understandable by all. The reason strictly is, that we call every thing of which we have exact proof, philosophical, and all which we desire to know, but may not by any means ascertain, spiritual. These last truths are revealed to the higher perception of some minds in the primitive form of knowledge as mere idea, but are called inspiration, because they precede the knowledge of truth, and are true. They must be seen to be true before they are admitted as a Divine inspiration.

QUESTION No. 5.—Has motion an ultimate, as man is the ultimate of Nature?

ANSWER.—Yes; motion is the particular property of Spirit, and assumes form or direction on each combination by its own nature. It has not a separate existence as media.

QUESTION No. 6.—Can you procure the assistance of Newton or Swedenborg, or both, in answering these questions?

ANSWER BY NEWTON.—Newton again. Do you not remember me? Afterward Swedenborg.

QUESTION No. 7.—Will the adoption of the terms positive and negative, as expressive of greater or less progression relatively, be good terms to avoid confusion in framing my questions?

ANSWER.—You may assume the names of positive or negative if you like to use them to express the relative quantities of matter, or of the principles, by the ordinary acceptation. I think, however, that they are rather confused in their suggestions as I find them in the mind, by which I am enabled to speak with you. Signed, SWEDENBORG.

QUESTION No. 8.—Is the Spirit resident in man a consequence of the growth or coalescence of the Spirit existing in the ultimates originally, or is a Spirit added during some or all the stages of progression in Nature until it is developed in man?

ANSWER.—We must consider the Spirit of man to be the result of the combination of the Spirit which is in his organism; we may not tell what portion of his material man the Spirit is the occupant, but of his—

[Here the medium was strangely affected, and ceased writing for a moment. The handwriting changed again, and wrote as follows:]

You are not qualified yet to see those things by which you can be in the sympathetic knowledge of the Spirit answering this and some other questions.

[I here asked: Is that addressed to the medium or to me?]

ANSWER.—Yes, to the medium, not to you; for you can look at the face of the laws of Nature, but the medium must see the body.

[This paragraph was not signed with a name. The handwriting changed again, and it was written:]

It will be well for you to desist for some time yet before answering such questions. Your own mind is active always in your sympathy with Spirit, and it must cooperate with them, and not until you have sufficient perception (which you will attain) will we be entitled to influence you to disclose such truth; they will then be reliable to others.

B. FRANKLIN.

QUESTION No. 9.—Why is it that a peculiar state of feeling or sympathy is required to comprehend the biblical truths and those of Spiritualism, while the truths of science generally may be understood in any ordinary state of feeling?

ANSWER.—Because the truths of science are principles deduced from well-proved fact, and the mind recognized them as possible by the method of thought, reasoning from known demonstrations to a general and connecting principle. But the truths of spirit must be known to be true only by the sympathetic perception of the spirit, and are not discernible unless when the mind is in the state to perceive them. They are then as understandable as the more material laws, but not so demonstrable, because the facts are not equally observable by the animal senses.

QUESTION No. 10.—Has any thing been added to creation, the ultimates of which did not exist from all time?

ANSWER.—The elements existing at the creation of the universe we know not of, but all the elements constituting the vital forces of man were then existing, for by divine man God made the world. There are no forms in being on the earth which are not now inferior to man, and all that is of the present organism of the world may be comprehended in perfect man. You ask if aught has been added since the creation? We answer, we know nothing of the creation of the universe, and have answered with respect to the world. PHOENIX.

A VOICE FROM ELDORADO.

The following letter will be perused with pleasure. We will thank our correspondent to write again, and as frequently as occasion may offer.—Ed.

SACRAMENTO, July 29, 1854.

MESSERS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

I am a subscriber for the TELEGRAPH, and receive its numbers regularly. In reading its columns I find communications from almost every State in the Union, but none whatever from California. Now, do not suppose for one moment that we have no mediums here, or that we are beyond the reach of spiritual influence. We have rapping, writing, and speaking mediums, but none who are fully developed. We have had demonstrations that were truly wonderful. Communications have been received, through a writing medium, in the Chinese language, coming from the departed Spirit of a Chinaman, and which the medium, as well as every other person in the room, were unable to translate. The communication was handed, the next day, to a Chinaman, who read it without difficulty. The translation read: "I am Quow-Ching—was killed and robbed on the Placerville Road, July 9th, 1853—Irishman."

I could relate several special manifestations and truthful communications given by Spirits to myself, which can not be referred to my own mind or the mind of the medium. But as I am not writing to convince others of the truth of Spiritualism, I will simply state that the effect of such manifestations is to make undoubting Spiritualists of all who receive them. I am naturally skeptical and unbelieving, and therefore from the first determined not to deceive myself or be deceived and duped by others. I can account for many of the manifestations that I have witnessed only by supposing them spiritual. Dods' "theory" does not explain them. We have one circle who have dispensed with the usual mode of communicating with their friends in the Atlantic States by mail, but who, aided by the Spirits, send and receive all their communications through mediums. They find no difficulty in corresponding in this silent though impressive manner. I can see no reason why we should not invoke the aid of Spirits in establishing a spiritual telegraph, which would supersede the necessity of the magnetic telegraph now used, and be less expensive. That it can be done by well-developed mediums is beyond question. To our little circle here, who have been corresponding in

this manner, how consoling the thought that, though far away from many of those we hold dearer than life—though the eternal snow-capped ridges of the Sierras and the rugged and almost insurmountable ranges of the Rocky Mountains loom in awful grandeur between them and us—yet by the aid of Spirits our thoughts and kindly feelings can wing their heavenly flight unharmed, high o'er their lofty peaks, and swift as an arrow, and light as if borne on the wings of a zephyr, they speed far over the sandy deserts to find a home in the heart that loves! There is a communion of fond hearts, and though oceans roll between, yet often a breath, a sigh, or a "God bless you," is borne upon the wings of heavenly messengers to gladden the heart of the distant though kindred Spirit.

Yours, truly,

J. H. L.

DREAMS.

BY MRS. L. A. MILLINGTON.

"I have traveled back but newly
From this ultimate dim Thine."

Dreams are not the shadows dim
Of our thoughts when waking.
But soft ripples of life's sea
Upon darkness breaking.

Oftentimes their light reveals
Grin and ghastly vision;
 Oftentimes they show to us,
Far-off fields Elysian.

Angels wander on those shores
With a beacon warning.
Unto faint, despairing souls
Heralding the morning.

In that light, life's dark beyond
Seemeth ever clearer,
And along its shores we see
Angel-watchmen nearer.

Music, without earthly echo
O'er that darkness rolls,
Rousing, from their dreamless sleeps,
Earth-entranced souls.

Waking to that inner life
From whose bright ideal,
Working, patient, prayerful strife
Bringeth forth the real.

ON THE DEATH OF HATTIE E. KING.

Thou canst never be forgotten

In the home thy smile made bright;
We miss thy prattling bird-like voice,
And thy little footstep bright—
And oh, the agony of grief
With which our hearts are writh,
May never find relief on earth—
Our lost and angel-child.

Thou saidst thou wert too beautiful,
Too prematurely wise,
That on thy glorious brow was set
The signet of the skies;
And early was the doom fulfilled,
And all our proud hopes riven,
But the sweet star gone down on life,
Shines purer now in heaven.

Thou art gone home, thy little form has faded
In all its beauty from the earth away,
And thy young brow, with scarce a sorrow shadowed,
Beams purer still 'neath heaven's celestial ray.

Thou art gone home, on angel pinions wending
Thy starry way among the realms above;
Thy gentle tones, with seraph voices blending,
Singing the anthems of redeeming love.

Thou art gone home, gone home, ah! never more
May time or change a shadow cast on thee;
Thine is the glory of that unknown shore,
Thine the blest joy of immortality.

P. A. K.

TRIUMPHS OF THE CAUSE IN MARYLAND.

For a considerable period I have been an attentive reader of the TELEGRAPH, and have, with much pleasure, perused the very many interesting accounts of the progress of Spiritualism coming in from nearly every quarter of the Union. I have, however, seen none from this section of my own State. Do not imagine from this that the invisible visitants from the Spirit-land have, on their missions of mercy, entirely forgotten us. We have of late received numerous and satisfactory proofs of their presence in our midst. In this village and the vicinity the manifestations have excited the greatest curiosity and amazement among the mere animal portion of the population, and the deepest interest among those who are more spiritually developed.

There are quite a number of media in the county for tipping and rapping. In my own immediate neighborhood is a lady who, as a medium, is as powerfully developed as any of whom I have yet read or received any account. Not only for physical manifestations, but as a writing medium, she is hardly to be surpassed. She is also a seeing medium, and holds daily communion with the Spirits of departed friends. She has, moreover, performed several remarkable cures by manipulations. The Spirits have recently declared their intentions to develop her fully as a speaking medium. She is an educated and accomplished lady of the very highest respectability, and is retiring in her disposition, and has hitherto avoided observation as much as possible.

The physical manifestations which I have witnessed at her house have, many of them, been truly astonishing, but to give any thing like a detailed account of a few of the most remarkable would require more space in your columns than I have a right to expect. I will therefore content myself with saying that I have seen manifestations of this description which appeared to me amply sufficient even to convince an intelligent animal that there was no trick or delusion; for to see a piece of furniture, of immense weight, moving about and beating time after time on the floor, without any visible agency capable of producing such results, would, methinks, cause even a sagacious member of the canine species to open his peepers and look around for the invisible power thus operating upon inert matter, not with blind brute force, but, obviously, with a will intelligently exercised.

The flood of light derived from evidence of a yet higher order has long since dispelled every shadow of doubt from my mind. I can say not only that I believe, but that I know, for my consciousness has been appealed to so powerfully that I have precisely the same proof given me which I have of my identity and very existence. If I doubt at all, I must doubt every thing, ignoring the evidences of actuality around me, and imagining that all is but a dream.

The gentlemen "who wear the black gown" generally impute these things to their old friend—the devil. Never having had so intimate an acquaintance with this celebrated personage as they seem to have enjoyed, most possibly I have formed mistaken notions in reference to his attributes, and can only say, that if they are correct in their imputations, he is a most excellent devil indeed, and entitled to my highest respect and veneration. He has done for me in a few months what the pulpit has failed to accomplish during more than one third of a century. From my early college days I have been what the persons would denominate an infidel, enveloped in doubt and skepticism, and knowing not what to believe. This devil, as they term him, has taken the trouble to convince me of the truth of the gospel of Christ, and caused me to see more beauties in genuine Christianity than the sectarian or bigot ever dreamed of.

To the general course of the clergy I know of at least one honorable exception. It is that of a minister of the Methodist Church, who is also a member of the medical profession. His son became developed as a medium for rapping and tipping. This first attracted his attention to

the subject. He visited the lady alluded to above, and was convinced beyond the possibility of a doubt. After the most extraordinary physical manifestations, he received communications from his father, with the chlorographical evidence of his identity. Finally he saw the dying words of his parent, addressed to him many years ago, and known to no one but himself, written out. That aged man walked the floor and wept like a child. He now hesitates not to proclaim his belief in defiance of all opposition. Would that we had many more such noble examples of independence and love of truth among members of his profession.

Permit a stranger to offer his most fervent wishes for your success in the good cause, and to subscribe himself,

Most truly yours,

GEORGE YELLOTT.

BEL-AIR, HARTFORD CO., MD., Aug. 14, 1854.

THE HON. JONATHAN ROBERTS.

MR. EVANS:

The decease of this estimable man, which took place on the 21st ultimo, awakens in my remembrance feelings of deep affection for his memory.

The writer has been well acquainted with the subject of this notice for a long succession of years, and from personal knowledge can bear testimony to his honesty, worth, and truthfulness.

Mr. Roberts was born in Montgomery County, Pa., about the year 1770, and was a self-educated man. Though he toiled hard with his own hands, on his own farm, yet he accomplished wonders in the way of improving his mind by employing his spare time in useful reading and study.

He entered public life about the commencement of the present century, as a member of the House of Representatives from his native county. Being a friend and admirer of the character and political principles of Thomas Jefferson, and consequently of the Democratic party, as then in existence, he warmly espoused that cause, and became one of the ablest champions in Pennsylvania.

After having been elected several times to the lower House, to the Senate of Pennsylvania, and to Congress, he was twice elected by the Legislature to the Senate of the United States, and was a member of that body during the war of 1812, and was one of its most active and ablest advocates, he having voted for the declaration of war.

After the conclusion of his Senatorial career, about the year 1821, he was again elected to the House of Representatives of this State, where he continued for several sessions, until the year of Gen. Jackson's influence in Pennsylvania became predominant. Mr. R.'s honesty and straightforwardness of purpose were proverbial, and to the administrations of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe he gave his cordial and ardent support, believing them to be models of a republican government. In the election of 1824 he was the friend and supporter of Wm. H. Crawford for the Presidency, as he considered him a suitable man, and the candidate of the Democratic party, nominated according to usage, by a Congressional Democratic Caucus.

There being no election that year by the people of the different States, as no candidate had a constitutional majority of the electors, John Quincy Adams was subsequently elected by the House of Representatives, voting by States in Congress, chosen, and became the President for four years. In the election contest of 1828, Mr. R. espoused his cause warmly for a second term, in opposition to General Jackson, as warmly as he opposed the latter in Congress some years before, on the Seminole War question, on the ground of his unfitness for the office. But the old General had too fast a hold on the affections of the American people, and was twice triumphantly elected. He has also gone, like his illustrious competitors, beyond this vale of strife and tears.

Mr. Roberts was offered more than one high executive appointment, and never accepted any but one, and that was the office of Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, tendered him by President Tyler, and he made an efficient officer; but on account of his refusing to make improper removals from office, and his friendship for Henry Clay, he was not allowed to hold it long.

He was no truckling politician—could not be swayed from the line of his duty to his country and his constituents, for he spoke his mind boldly, honestly, and freely on proper occasions upon all public questions, without fear of injuring his own popularity, willing to trust the issue to God and his countrymen.

His memory was remarkably retentive, and his observation astute; and from his long public life he became acquainted with the great men of his age and generation, therefore his narrations of men and events were often very interesting and amusing. His remains were interred at his request on his farm, in Upper Merion, where they will probably remain covered by the turf of the valley until the morning of the resurrection.

PHILADELPHIA, August, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:

The above notice I find in the *Village Record*, of West Chester, Pa. When a prominent individual, such as Mr. Roberts was, leaves this world, nothing is more common than for the community and friends of the deceased to inquire of what religious belief the departed was. As the writer is silent on that point, I will state for the information of Spiritualists, that Mr. Roberts was a firm believer in the Harmonical Philosophy. He was, by birthright, a member of the Society of Friends, with which he continued in fellowship until it claimed to govern his opinions. He at once informed the "Friends" that no person or persons could be the keeper of his conscience, at the same time expressing his respect for the society, and his thanks for the good he had received. Mr. Roberts was very familiar with the Scriptures; having several versions in his possession, he was well acquainted with their discrepancies. He was well acquainted with different systems of theology, taught by the ancient philosophers, as well as the rise and progress of Christianity; but he was unable to come to any settled belief as to a future state, or even the immortality of the soul, until through spiritual intercourse he was enabled to arrive at a knowledge of a future state—that man does not die, but change. The circumstances which brought him in connection with Spiritualism were these: some three years since, one of Mr. Roberts' sons went to California; he was young, buoyant, full of hope, and generous to a fault; he took with him a father's pride and a mother's strongest love. He had scarcely reached his destination, when, true to the promptings of his nature, he volunteered to swim a much swollen river to save some horses belonging to a stranger. The result was, that the owner and others beheld from the safe shore this noble young man buffeting the waves, till he had almost reached the island, when he sank to rise no more! When the news of this sad event arrived, the feelings of the family can not be described. Mrs. Roberts was inconsolable, and fears were entertained that she could not survive the shock. But, fortunately, a medium friend in Philadelphia received a communication from the Spirit of young Roberts, which was given to the family; after a thorough investigation, Mr. Roberts and his family became convinced that the communication was from no other source than their lost relative. Soon after one of the family became a medium, and a circle has been formed weekly for more than two years, and communications of the highest order always obtained, mostly purporting to come from the Spirit of Matthew Roberts, a brother, and a man who lived for other men's good. None of the communications have been published, though they are written and would form a large volume. As to the quality of the communications, Mr. Roberts often remarked that they exceeded in beauty, sublimity, and philosophy any thing that he had ever heard. Persons who claim to be judges of communications, say that they are of that style and order that come from the sixth circle.

D.

SPIRITUALLY BORN.

In Auburn, New York, on Monday, August 14th, Mrs. SYLVIA BENNETT, wife of G. B. BENNETT, aged 65 years.

She entered the Spirit-Home a firm believer in that faith which had long been with her, and which the true Spiritualist ever cherishes and prizes above every earthly boon. Her life was a practical illustration of the "gospel" that she professed to believe.

Interesting Miscellany.

SINGULAR CASE OF SUPPOSED DEATH.

One of the most singular events ever heard of in our city, says the *Baltimore American* of the 4th inst., transpired during the latter part of the last week in the vicinity of Centre Market. As far as we could learn, it appears that on Friday last, an aged Hebrew woman, the mother of Mr. S. Kann, after a protracted illness, died at her appearance, at the residence of her son in Harrison Street. As usual the body was laid out and otherwise prepared for the service of the grave. A watch was kept during the night according to usual custom, the grave was prepared, the coffin procured, and friends and relatives the next day assembled to pay the last and tribute of respect to the dead. She had been pronounced dead by the attending physician, the body was placed in the coffin, and preparations were made to screw down the lid, when one of the members of the family, while bending over the lifeless form, exclaimed with a shriek that the dead had come to life.

All present immediately gathered around the coffin, and in a moment after the enshrouded corpse-like form rose from her narrow bed, and embraced her children and relatives with all the fervor of renewed life and affection. To all appearances she became convalescent, to the joy of all present, and subsequently, we are informed, partook of food with a healthful zest and appetite. She remained in this condition until the approach of night, when she tottered to the bed, and in a few moments breathed her last. In a hope that the last indication of death was like the former, only a spell or trance, strong efforts were made for her restoration, but all in vain, and every one was impelled, at last, to the sorrowful conclusion that the grim monster had claimed her for his own beyond the power of earthly restoration.

SINGULAR PREDICTION AS TO CUBA SEVENTY YEARS AGO.—The Attorney-General of the United States (Caleb Cushing), who is a student of history, in arguing the Aragon land case in the Supreme Court, remarked, that the Count of Aranda, who in 1783 was the plenipotentiary from Spain, and as such signed the treaty of peace between the United States and England, wrote on the same night a letter to his sovereign giving an account of what had been done, and adding:

"I have just affixed my name to the treaty with deep grief, for I foresee infinite trouble to Spain from the existence of a *North American Republic*. *East Republic Federal hancipia pigmæ; dia cendra cuando il-gara a ser gigante y aun coloso*"—This Republic has been ushered into the world a pigmy, but the day will come when it will have grown into gigantic proportions and be a colossus.

He then stated that "the United States would move down to the Gulf of Mexico, that they would take Florida and New Spain (Mexico), and at last the island of Cuba."

AMERICAN ARTISTS AT FLORENCE.—A correspondent of the *Richmond Enquirer* writes from Leghorn as follows:

"At Florence I saw Powers at his studio, having just completed a statue of Washington for the State of Louisiana. He has taken Houdon's statue in our Capitol as his model, changing the column from his left side to the right, and giving to him rather a meditative air. The workmanship is excellent. Hart has finished a bust of J. C. Crittenden, of Kentucky. No man can execute a better one; and now let me tell the ladies of Virginia that Hart thinks, in about two years more, he will send home the statue of Henry Clay. I saw our friend Barbee, who, with Hart, died with me, and seemed to be just getting to work. All seemed pleased that young Galt was to execute the statue of Mr. Jefferson."

TUFTS COLLEGE.—It will be seen by a notice in another column, that the new Universalist College, situated near Boston, is to go into operation on the third Monday in September. We trust parents, guardians, and young men in our midst designing to pursue a collegiate course of study, will take due note of this fact, and govern themselves accordingly. At much labor and expense Universalists have established a college, which we trust will soon take rank among the first in the land. It should receive the undivided patronage of the denomination. Let no young man of our faith think of entering any other institution. We trust a goodly number will be prepared to join the Freshman and Sophomore Classes at the appointed time.—*Ambassador.*

WHAT A GIRL CAN DO.—As an evidence of what the girls can do if they have a mind, a Cincinnati press states that three years ago a poor orphan girl applied, and was admitted to set type for that paper. She worked two years, during which time she earned \$200, and availing herself of the facilities which the printing-office afforded, acquired a good education. She is now associate editor of a popular paper, and is engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in Ohio. Such a girl is bound to shine and eclipse tens of thousands who are educated in the lap of luxury and taught all the "accomplishments" of a boarding-school. Such a wife will be a jewel to her husband, an ornament to society, and an honor to her sex and her country.

"SIN IN A FIDDLE."—When a violin was first introduced into the choir of the church, the innovation gave great offense to some of the worthy parishioners. Especially was the player of the bass viol exercised with sorrow and indignation when the frivolous and profane fiddle first took its place in the house of God, by the side of his sedate and portly instrument. He accordingly laid the case before the parson, who, after listening soberly to his complaints, replied: "It may be as you say, sir; I don't know but you are right; but if you are, it strikes me the greater the fiddle, the greater the sin!" The hero of the 'big fiddle' was untuned."

The following anecdote of Rothschild will illustrate the influence of a name. It is from the Paris correspondence of the *New York Times*:

"M. Rothschild was the other day asked by a young man, an intimate friend of his family, to lend him 5,000 francs. 'No,' said the Baron, 'I only do business with crowned heads, but I will get you the money. You may walk with me once along the arcades of the Bourse, taking me familiarly by the arm.' The promenade was effected, and at the end of it the young man had his 5,000 francs in his pocket, and had refused offers of 10,000 more."

THE RUSSIAN PRIESTHOOD.—The following fact, says the *Paris Pays*, will give an idea of the state of degradation into which the Muscovite clergy has fallen:

"A Russian gentleman relates that when passing through a village one day, he saw a number of peasants assembled, and stopped to inquire the cause. 'Oh,' replied one of them, 'it is only the priest whom we are going to kick up in the barn.' 'And why do you do that?' 'Because it is Saturday. The priest is a drunkard, and we always lock him up on Saturday, in order that he may be in condition to perform divine service on Sunday. On the Monday he is free to drink as he likes for the other days of the week.'"

A GENEROUS ACTION.—Mr. Cyrus Lathrop, who recently died at Taunton, Mass., says the *Boston Daily Mail*, left nearly all his property to Charles Albion, of that town, disinheriting his three children, with whom he had been at variance. Mr. Albion, in a letter to Mr. Clifford, attorney for the natural heirs, proposed to divide the property with the three children, giving to them the sum of \$43,500, and Gov. Clifford, on behalf of the children, accepted the proffer.

NUMBER OF SLAVES IN THE WORLD.—The African Institute at Paris—an association for the diffusion of civilization and Christian light in Africa—has recently issued a circular in which the number of blacks held in slavery in different countries is placed at 8,000,000, of which 4,000,000 are in the United States, 3,250,000 in Brazil, 900,000 in the Spanish Colonies, 85,000 in Holland Colonies, 240,000 in the Republic of Central America, and 30,000 in European establishments in Africa.

The most remarkable case of conscience, of modern times, is that of Gerrit Smith, who, it is stated, in settling with the sergeant-at-arms, was entitled to about \$500 legal mileage, but only took about \$90 being eight dollars a day while coming and going, and actual traveling expenses.

Miss Corcoran is dainty in her words. She said yesterday that we had a long orthography of weather. We plebeians would have said "spell." The difference between other folks and Miss Corcoran accounts for the disparity.

Farmer's Department.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL, AND PUTTING IN OF GRAIN CROPS.

[Continued.]

BY H. C. VAIL.

Supposing that we have fairly treated the subject thus far, we will now resume the *mechanical* treatment of the soil.

A field prepared *thoroughly* by plowing, subsoiling, and under-draining, is fitted for the reception of the seed; but when done in the usual manner it is always necessary to harrow the ground once or twice before sowing, in order to fill up hollows made by careless workmen. Therefore care should be taken to avoid this necessity. It may unavoidably happen that the soil, from being plowed before the draining and subsoiling have completed their work, will prove lumpy. Should this be the case, do not endeavor to destroy them by harrowing, but first run a heavy roller over the field, and then *fasten* them securely in the loose soil. Then pass the harrow once over, and the work will be better accomplished than by several harrowings without the use of the roller. The latter implement does not compress the particles of soil much below the surface, while the harrow, running down to some depth, continually packs down particle upon particle, until, if repeated often enough, as is sometimes the case where the aim is to get a finely-divided surface, the soil is totally unfitted for the reception of seeds or the growth of plants. Our readers will probably recollect an article which appeared in the number for July 22d, which fully explains the evils of harrowing. These remarks do not apply to light, sandy soils which can scarcely be held by a title. We hope the day is not far distant when a new and more efficient implement shall be laid before the public—one which shall entirely supersede the harrow.

Drilling.—The method of sowing grain broadcast is rapidly giving away to the more economical use of the drill. Sowing by hand can never be depended upon for the equal distribution of seed. There is, however, a simple trough-like arrangement coming into use, which is suspended by straps passing over the shoulders of the sower, and from which the seed may be scattered evenly and rapidly. In some sections wheat is sown upon the surface of the soil, and plowed in two or three inches. The disadvantages of broadcasting are: 1. Requiring a greater amount of seed than for drilling, many grains of wheat never germinating, on account of exposure on the surface of the soil. 2. Too many grains falling near together, and thus injuring the development of each other. 3. By this unequal distribution one part of the field is crowded, while other portions are barren.

When grain is sown by means of a drill, the seeds are placed at an even distance from each other, and they have ample room to tiller on each side of the drill. The small amount of seed required makes an immense saving where large fields are to be sown. In England the drill is now arranged so as to admit of applying liquid manuring at the time the seed is introduced, thus giving a fair start to the crop in the fall. How far this may be profitably applied here has not yet been tested, but when the soil is properly prepared, we have no question that it will prove valuable, particularly in such districts as it is the custom to sow grain after the removal of late corn and potatoes. The young plants would thus receive an impulse which would cause them to make a healthy growth before the winter sets in.

We do not, however, perceive the utility of introducing the liquid manure in the drill. For if the seed be first properly prepared by the use of steeps, and takes up an amount of moisture and a stimulating salt in solution sufficient to supply the requirements of the first stages of its growth, the liquid manure applied should be so distributed as to come in contact with every spongy soil as developed; hence we are inclined to believe that a sprinkler which shall distribute it evenly over the whole soil, will be far more likely to produce good results.

Wheat is frequently grown in the stiffest clay soils, and is enabled to pierce its way through the compact earth without apparent injury. It is in this class of soils, however, that there exists naturally the largest amount of ammonia and nitric acid; and although this crop will do well, as stated above, on compact soils, yet they must contain organic matter, and if not, it must be added, as we have not the same resource in this instance as in the growth of corn, where the soil is frequently stirred for the admission of atmosphere loaded with its fertilizing gases.

Manuring Preparation.—The addition of manures will depend upon the state of the soil. If in fair condition for bearing wheat, and the object be to use farm-made manures, they should be composted with prepared mud to last before the time of sowing as possible, and in the eastern at the end of the compost heap should be placed some super-phosphate of lime, salt, and ashes or potash, to aid in decomposing the manures, and to supply the requirements of the crop more fully.

This preparation should be spread and plowed under as soon after as possible. Long or unfermented manures may, however, be used in the same manner with fair crops, provided the soil is not so silicious as to allow the rapid escape of gases into the atmosphere. *Farm-yard manures, particularly unfermented dung, should never be spread upon the surface, and exposed to the weather. Nearly all the good effects arising from the use of manure on the surface may be derived from a mulching of straw or litter, without the loss of so much that is valuable in the manure.*

If it is feared that the plowing under of manures will not give sufficient impulse to the growth of the grain, a top dressing of guano, composted with charcoal or of improved super-phosphate of lime will effect this purpose. In the spring those portions of the field which are sluggish in growth may be invigorated by a top dressing of the same material.

Should there be no manures of the farm at command, and reliance is to be placed on special manures, an application of five hundred pounds of the improved super-phosphate of lime, prepared from bones dissolved in sulphuric acid guano, and sulphate of ammonia, should be made at the first harrowing; or, if the grain is plowed in, sowed in with the wheat and turned under. It should be recollected that when fresh yard manures are used alone, that wheat will give an immense yield of straw without a corresponding one of grain. This is owing to the presence of ammonia without the proper relative proportion of the phosphates, which are required to perfect the grain. A single glance at the analysis of the wheat crop will prove at once the necessity of the presence of the phosphates, and more particularly of the phosphate of lime.

It is very true, grain crops may have been grown without manure. The Rev. Mr. Smith, of South Weald, in England, has devoted a piece of stiff clay soil to the growth of wheat in continuance. He has the ground divided in strips, which are forked over, and every other one sown with grain—the intervening one forked over during the season, and cropped the next year. By this alternate and constant forking system, it is said he gets immense crops without adding any manure, but it will sooner or later become evident to him that his soil is rapidly deteriorating in quality, and when once reduced will require great outlays to restore its lost energies.

Protective Measures.—Under this title may be enumerated steeps, manures, mulching, deep and subsoil plowing, and under-draining. Seeds steeped in dilute solutions of salt, saltpeter, and sulphate of ammonia are said to be less liable to attack by insects and to smut. Certain it is that the eggs of insects and parasitic fungi may be destroyed by such steeps, and also, that the use of saltpeter and the sulphate of ammonia will act as a stimulant to the development of the germ and formation of the first sporelings. Indeed, so far is the belief ardent about the fact, that in France and Germany there are many eminent agriculturists who are of opinion that enough manure may thus be supplied to answer for the entire development and perfection of a crop from seeds thus prepared.

But it is plainly to be seen, that although we should avail of the benefits arising from the use of steeps, yet we can not depend upon them for the perfection of a crop.

The scrubbing of seed wheat in machines constructed for such purpose, or even in barrels, with coarse gravel and a birch broom, it is believed, will remove all parasitic fungi, ova of insects, etc. The full and proper use of manures, by giving a healthy and vigorous growth and habit to the wheat plant, will no doubt ward off many enemies.

Top dressings of coarse manures, litter, refuse hay, etc., made in the fall, will protect the roots of wheat in the winter, and thus prevent injury from the freezings and thawings which are continually disturbing their condition and subjecting them to unnatural vicissitudes.

Under-draining, subsoiling, and deep plowing will so prepare the soil as to entirely prevent winter-killing, and has been supposed by some to prevent the *smut* and *rust*. There is not the least doubt that the thorough preparation of the soil and the presence of all the constituents

required by the crop, will materially aid in the warding off diseases incident to it.

The selection of varieties must depend upon location and many other circumstances. The sowing of grass seed, and laying down meadows, will receive attention at some future time.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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J. B. CONKLIN, the well-known Test Medium, has taken rooms at 542 Broadway The Manifestations through Mr. Constan chief of Rapping, Tipping, and Writing from 10 to 12 Morning; 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.

Public Meetings are held by the Harmonical Association every Sabbath at Franklin Hall, 6th Street, below Arch, Philadelphia, west side. Lectures at half-past 10 A.M., and a Conference at 7 P.M.

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Will be delivered by Julius A. Gilligan, at Gratiot Hall, 91 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, August 20th, 1854.

Are the Knockings Strictly Modern? The Testimony of Solomon and Jesus—Ancient Prophecies and Modern Mediums—Mediums Christ-like, Form no Iron-bound Church—The Spirit of a Departed Man in the Greatest Prophet—The Doctrine Spirits Teach; Progression, Truth, Love, and Liberty—Conclusion. Here a Little, and There a Little. Doors open at 4 o'clock, commence at 7 o'clock. Admission free. 11 122

THE UNION CIRCLES.

For the development of media, occupy rooms at No. 61 Catherine Street, New York, and hold their meetings on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings at eight o'clock. Other circles may be formed to suit the convenience of those who can not attend the regular circles. Spiritual media, and other Spiritualists desiring to become members, may learn particulars by applying to Dr. Mayhew at the rooms.

Dr. M. has been specially directed to undertake this work of development, for a reason, in this city. While he remains with us, he will receive patients for treatment by Mesmerism and Spiritual Influence. He has been remarkably successful in treating Consumption, Rheumatism, Nervous Affections, and Debility.

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These Medicines are purely Vegetable, containing nothing injurious to the system, and are a certain cure for all Nervous diseases, viz., St. Vitus' Dance, Tic Dolorous, Neuralgia, Rheumatism in all its varied forms, Locked Jaw, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, Palsy, Nervous and Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, Diarrhea, Irregularities of the Female System, Tetters, and all Cutaneous Diseases, Chills and Fever, Cramp, Colic, Cholera-morbus, Cholera, Quinsy, Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, and all Acute Pains and Nervous Diseases with which the human family are afflicted, and which for ages have baffled the skill of the learned. These Fluids have not failed to give relief in any of the above cases where they have been fairly tested, and we have now a number of living witnesses to whom we can refer.

Feeling it my duty to make known to the afflicted these invaluable remedies, my only objection to the positive comments of my Spirit-guides, but from a thorough conviction that they are all that is claimed for them, and from a desire to relieve the sufferings of afflicted humanity, I propose to place them in the hands of all at the most reasonable rate, and shall, as far as I have the ability to do so, cheerfully supply it without charge, to all who may not have the means to pay for it. For further particulars address, T. CULBERTSON, Agent, Pittsburg, Pa. Sold by W. Wood, No. 391 Broadway, New York; H. F. Gardner, M.D., 624 Washington Street, Boston; W. M. Loring, 275 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

Mrs. French will continue to make Clairvoyant examinations. Examination and prescription when the parties are present, \$5.00; if absent, \$10.00. No charge when parties have not the means to pay.

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Embraces all the principal works devoted to SPIRITUALISM, whether published by ourselves or others, and will comprehend all works of value that may be issued hereafter. The reader's attention is particularly invited to those named below, all of which may be found at the Office of THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and SICKER CIRCLE. The reader will perceive that the price of each book in the list, and the amount of postage, if forwarded by mail, are annexed.

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